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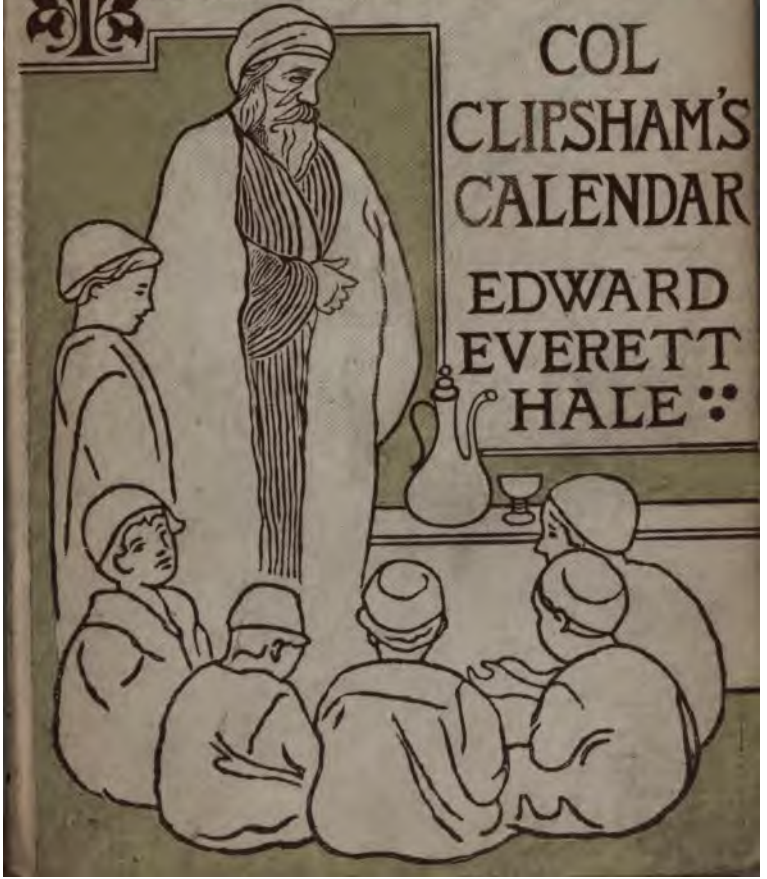
AGAIN

COL CLIPSHAM'S CALENDAR

EDWARD EVERETT HALE



NSCM

"TELL IT AGAIN."

COL. CLIPSHAM'S CALENDAR.

BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

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EDWARD E. HALE.

COL. CLIPSHAM'S CALENDAR.

I.

COL. CLIPSHAM led a curious life, but, for a man at his age, not an unpleasant one. His professional duties were not oppressive, and he had entered into a career which made it almost sure that they would never be oppressive. He had a very comfortable suite of rooms in his sister's house, and always breakfasted with her family. As will be seen, they did not often expect him at dinner, but nieces and nephews, Sister Prue and her husband Wintergreen, were always glad if he did look in at that meal. For the rest, Clipsham was a general favorite in Tamworth, where he lived, and if there were not a german every evening, or a progressive euchre party on his list,

why, there was the Thursday Club and the Whist Club and the Chess Club, and the Union and the Association, and the pretty new room of the Harvard Club. "As to that," said Clipsham truly, if you had asked him how he spent his evenings, "I am never so happy as I am with a novel or with the newspaper at home." But it was to be observed that he seldom enjoyed this acme of his happiness, at the top-notch of his life's tide.

The one thing of which Clipsham's friends were sure was this, that he would never go into public life. True, he always voted;—he even voted for the school committee, which most of the people in Tamworth forgot to do. But it was also true that he did not attend primary meetings. And it was by a series of rather curious circumstances that the public was led to place

that confidence in him which has now lifted him so far out of the run of machine-made politics. It is the business of this story to tell, for the first time so far as I know, the way those circumstances followed each other.

Clipsham was a man of iron memory. And this was not all pig-iron. One might say steel memory, or a memory of watch-springs, if we understood better than we do the action of the mechanism of memory. By this I mean that he recollected what are called little things at the right moment, as well as he remembered the big things all along his life. He remembered that the national debt was $2,198,765,432.10 when it was at that precise amount, but he also remembered that he had told the washerwoman's boy to come round at a quarter past eight Friday evening and he would give him a ticket to the

circus. On such a combination, of what I call the pig-iron memory and what I call the watch-spring memory, does much of the good cheer and success of a happy life depend.

But on a fatal day, after Clipsham was thirty-three years old, he thought he forgot something. I do not myself believe he did. If he did, it was before breakfast, when no one ought to be asked to remember anything,— not whether Semiramis is the name of an empress or of a toadstool. But he thought he forgot something. And so it was that he went down to Mr. Back-up's shop and bought this calendar, of which I am going to tell you the story.

There it is. He gave it to me on the day of his inauguration. You see it has the days of the week on one scroll, and the days of the month on another. Then you turn this cog at the begin-

ning of the month, and you are ready for thirty-one more days, if there be so many. The only defect in the machine is that you might suppose that there were thirty-one days in February. But, as Judge Marshall said, "the court is expected to know something."

Now, Clipsham is a charming public speaker. He tells a story well,—in particular, he tells with great good humor a story to his own disadvantage. He remembers well,—that has been said. He passes by a sudden change, —what do singers call it, modulation? —from grave to gay, or from gay to grave. Best of all, he never says one word about himself. Then he never pretends that he does not like to speak. He does like to speak. A man would be an ass who did not like to speak, if he spoke as well as Clipsham does.

He makes no introductions to his speech. When he has done he makes no "conclusion." Just when you are hoping he will say more he sits down. And he never makes a long speech. These are all sterling qualities, and they are not often united in one handsome, graceful, intelligent young man of thirty-three.

So it is that Clipsham is much invited to public dinners. As for that we all are. But generally the invitation is accompanied with a request that in accepting you will pay for your ticket,—a dollar and a half, or three dollars, or five, or ten,—according as the honored guest of the evening is a college professor, doctor of divinity, an agent from Japan, or a travelling English lecturer. Now, as most of us can bolt our modest dinner of mock-turtle, fried oysters, charlotte russe, and cof-

fee at any eating house, even the most fussy, noisy, and showy, for less than the lowest of these prices, our invitations are not so attractive. To Clipsham the invitation always came with a ticket. That is quite a different thing, and Clipsham, who was in a good many college societies, was the great-grandson of a Cincinnatus and a grandson of a hero of Lundy's Lane, and son of the man who stormed Chapultepec and held the block-house at Gannon's Three Corners,—Clipsham, I say, who was a member of the United Guild of Men of Letters, and of the Consolidated Sodality of Lovers of Art,—Clipsham, whose good humor and good fellowship had related him to pretty much all the associations in Tamworth, and indeed in that whole state, found that he was bidden to a public dinner almost every day. Indeed, sometimes the "bids,"

as his childish nephews called them, overlapped each other.

This was the reason why he dined so seldom with his sister. On the other hand, it was the reason why you met him so seldom at a restaurant or public table.

You would generally find him if you went upstairs to the great dining-room of whichever Delmonico or Wormley or Parker or Young of Tamworth happened on that day to entertain the "Soul of the Soldiery," or the "Brothers in Adversity," or the "Nu Kappa Omega," or whatever sodality happened to be holding its annual dinner. And if you looked in at the right moment, Clipsham would be making a speech, and a very good speech, too.

II.

Clipsham's little niece, Gertrude, is the first heroine of this story. And it is on her that the plot turns, more than on Elinor May, who is the other heroine. Gertrude has the run of the house, but never ought to go to her uncle's room unless he asks her. And this Gertrude knows perfectly well.

But on this day of which I speak, some impulse of Satan, as the old indictments would tell you, and Dr. Watts would confirm them, led Gertrude into the "study," as the room was called. The same Manichean divinity, whose name begins with S, but shall not be mentioned again, moved her to take down the calendar mentioned before, and to try the screws. She

twirled them this way, she twirled them that. Of a sudden she heard Kate Connor, the girl who made the beds.

Gertrude feared detection. She hung up the calendar hastily and fled. But, alas, she left M, which stands for Monday, and 10, which stands for the tenth day of the month, both one notch too high. T., W., Th., F., and the rest all followed M., and the engagements for the month were all set one day wrong.

Kate Connor did not in fact enter the room. But guilty Gertrude thought she would, and the result was the same. Gertrude was called by her mother, before she had any chance to go back again, and was made ready for a tennis party at Mrs. Fisher's. And now it is that, strictly speaking, this story begins.

George Clipsham came home to dress for dinner. He stopped a moment, and

took down the cyclopædia to look at the account of the battle of Bennington. For he had been turning over a speech which he was to make at a Grand Army gathering, and he remembered that Plunkett's mother was a Stark. He wanted to make a good allusion to Molly Stark and her widowhood. But as he passed his desk he took the fatal calander, which guilty Gertrude had not had time to hang on its peg. Clipsham hung it up without a thought, but did look to see, to his amazement, that the Grand Army dinner was done and gone yesterday. The calendar said he was to dine with the graduates of the Western Reserve College to-day. "Lucky I did not fire the battle of Bennington at them," said Clipsham to himself, "but what will Plunkett say?"

The truth was that Clipsham had

this dreadful cold which you all had. And just as you and I determined that we would go to Florida another winter if our lives were spared, Clipsham had determined. Handkerchiefs?—he was bankrupt in buying them. Hearing?—he had been stone-deaf all the week. He did not cough very badly, but the cold was just on the juncture of the pharynx with the larynx, where it is uncomfortable to have it. He had stayed at home the day before and nursed it,—glycerine and whiskey. taken with a very small spoon, was his remedy,—and he had persuaded himself that he could go out to-day.

To tell the whole truth, his sister Prue had had pea-soup and salt codfish for dinner yesterday, and the children had been very noisy. Clipsham had determined to change the scene So he had determined to dine with the

Grand Army to-day, and now the calendar said the Grand Army dinner was "done and gone." "Well," said Clipsham to himself, "I could not have spoken aloud anyway. And I should not have heard a word they said. Western Reserve it is to-day. Lucky I looked!" And he went on with his dressing, and thought over some old Harvard stories which would do to tell to the Western Reserve graduates.

As he went out, furred and even veiled, and with those horrid arctics on which made him limp with pain, Prue met him at the door.

"Dear George, you are not going out with that dreadful cough? Why, I was sure of you. I have asked Mrs. Oliphant and the Pryces to meet you, and I have such a lovely pair of canvas-backs."

George intimated that he didn't hear

Prue shouted her bill of fare, ph
cal and metaphysical, into his ear.

George was sorry. But he wa
ready, and to the hotel dinner he w
and left those canvas-backs beh
Prue's would be warm, alas, and
the Hotel Jefferson,—that was n
doubtful.

III.

The waiters all know George to a man, and he was shown to the reception parlor instantly. The reader understands what George did not,—why a third of the guests were in uniform. Of course they were, for it was the Grand Army of the Republic. But George, who thought it was the Western Reserve dinner, was surprised that the college men wanted to bring out their old blue frocks and bright buttons. "But that was all right," he said, "if they chose to." Oddly enough, his friend, Colonel Plunkett, was receiving the guests, and Clipsham slipped into his hand the note of apology he had written. Plunkett slipped it into the little pocket of his uniform coat,

and found it there two years afterwards, when he dressed for the same anniversary again. Clipsham mumbled an apology to Plunkett, which, almost of course, Plunkett, in shaking hands with half the soldiers in the state, did not hear.

Clipsham is a bright man, and one would have said that he would have caught the thread of the occasion earlier than he did. But he did not hear one word in five that any one said. As for the uniforms, all the world knows that five-sixths of the college men of the West served in the war. Besides, they had introduced Clipsham to Professor Schmidgruber, who had just arrived, as the agent from the government of Hesse-Cassel to study Western education. Clipsham was interested in the savant, and they talked very earnestly, the savant speaking di-

rectly into Clipsham's ear.

So it was that, when Clipsham got a card at the dinner-table from Plunkett, who was presiding, which said, "You next," he knew that now was his turn to speak, without having known much of what had been said before him.

And a very good speech it was. Not one word about the war, nor the bird of freedom, nor the American soldier, nor Molly Stark, as there would have been had Clipsham understood the truth, that he was speaking to a Grand Army post. Instead of this he spoke, with serious feeling, on the work which educated men can render in any community. What he had been saying to the German he now said aloud. There is the secret of a good speech. He spoke to the men before him as if they were all scholars, all men of conscience, and all leaders in the villages or towns

where they lived. He told some good stories, he made some good jokes, but his speech was not in the least commonplace, and it ended with a very serious pledge as to the duty they would all do to their country.

It was received rapturously,—yes, wildly. Indeed, as the reader will understand, it was better received than it would have been by the graduates whom Clipsham thought he was addressing. Every one of these good fellows was pleased that one of the most accomplished men of letters in Tamworth spoke to him as an equal with equals. They had only too much of soldier-talk, and were glad to hear something sung or said to another tune. Clipsham had gone deeper down than the average and commonplace, as he was apt to do.

Now you would say that, before he

left the hotel, he would have found out his mistake, or that, at all events, he would have understood it from the newspapers next morning. But there you are quite wrong. In the first place, he only stayed "to listen to two more speeches," as he said. For it did not seem courteous to go away the moment he had himself spoken. In fact, he did not hear one word of either of them. As for the newspapers, Clipsham generally looked at them, though not always. He never looked, however, at what the reporters called their "sketches" of his speeches. "Why should I make myself miserable?" said Clipsham. "Nobody else reads the things, and why should I?" If he had stayed long at his office next morning, or looked in at the club, he might have found that his calendar was all wrong. But instead of this he took Dr. Schmid-

gruber to examine the high school, so he remained quite sure that he had spoken to the college men the night before, and that to-night he was to speak to the carriage-builders. In fact, as the reader knows, he would meet the college men, and the carriage-builders' night would not come till to-morrow.

And it all happened just as before, as it says in the Arabian Nights and in Grimm's fairy tales. Only this time Clipsham sat at the cross table, because he was to respond for Harvard and was among the more distinguished guests. But little did the poor fellow know what he was to respond for. He did know that the Carriage Builders' Association of the country brings together a remarkable body of men. He had dined with them a year or two before. Their business requires an interest in design, a knowledge of the physical

structure of the world, an acquaintance with all sorts and conditions of men, all combined with remarkable tact and promptness. Observe that carriage-builders, like railroad men, are always trying to annihilate time, or to give us more of it, which is the same thing.

"Ye shall become as gods,—transcendent fate!"

So Clipsham knew he was to speak to a bright set. In point of fact, he did speak to the triennial gathering of the graduates of the Western Reserve College, one of the oldest and largest of the Western universities. And he told them things which it was very good for them to hear, but which people did not very often tell them at these meetings. He told them that man is man, because he can control matter by spirit,—that this shows that he is a child of God. He told them

that the child of God works with God, and that here is the difference between work and labor; that work elevates man, while labor fatigues man. He charged them to see that the men whom they employed should not be mere laborers, but should become fellow-workmen with God. He said they might rest from their labors, but that their works would always follow them. And he said very seriously that this was no matter of book-learning, that they would not find it in Seneca and Aristotle, but that they would find it in proportion as they were men of honor and truth, as they forgot themselves and consecrated their workshops into temples.

Then he sat down and, just as it was the night before, the speech was received with cheers. The truth is that, at any such college gathering in Amer-

ica, the men are only playing at being men of letters. Every man of us is a workman, or ought to be ashamed if he is not. As for poor Clipsham, the nervous excitement of speaking brought on a fit of coughing, and he had to excuse himself and go home.

He soaked his feet in hot water with mustard, put a porous plaster on his chest, and went to bed with a lump of sugar by his side on which he had dropped Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. But he slept all night, and did not need the sugar.

Four days went on in this way, with four different dinners. Nobody told Clipsham he was all wrong, because nobody knew. On the other hand, everybody thought he was all right, and said he had never made such good speeches in his life. The next night he really went to the Carriage-Build-

ers' dinner. But he thought he was at the annual meeting of the Chautauquan Literary Circle. That is to say, he thought he was speaking to a large company of people, who, in the midst of every sort of daily occupation, read regularly in a systematic course. So in fact he was. And the carriage-builders liked his speech all the better, that he made no pretence as they said any other lawyer would have done, to a knowledge of their business. He said nothing about varnish, or the strength of ash, of which he knew nothing, and he did not once allude to the hub of the universe, the wheel of time, the chariot of the sun, or Dr. Holmes's One-Hoss Shay, which had been worked to death at their celebrations.

IV.

The two other dinners on the calendar that week were at the joint anniversary of the Chautauquan Circles, as has been said, and at the anniversary of the trustees of a fund left for the education of that sub-tribe of Ojibwas whom the first settlers had found fishing on the point which makes Tamworth harbor. These Ojibwas had long since gone where other Ojibwas, I fear, are going. But the fund remained, as funds will, to curse the descendants of the trustees. And the only way which had been devised to use up the annual interest, was to have the trustees dine together, with such of their friends as wished to meet them, after they had chosen themselves again into office at

their annual meeting. At the Chautauquan dinner, accordingly, Clipsham went rather carefully into a discussion of the movements of American emigration, and the elements which have contributed to the making up of American civilization. This was on Friday, and all through the week Clipsham had never forgotten the day of the week, although that mischievous Gertrude had thrown him out in the use he made of the several days as they came. Meanwhile his cold grew no better. His deafness grew upon him, and he sent for the doctor. The doctor told him he must stay at home. Clipsham said he could well do that, that for once there was no evening engagement, and he looked up the serial called "My Friend the Boss," which he was reading, which was full of allusions to his Tamworth friends. Little did he think,

as he discussed the side-bone of the nice turkey his sister Prue had provided, that the trustees' dinner was cooling while they awaited his arrival at the Hotel Jefferson. The truth was that they were entitled to that excuse which he wrote at the beginning of the week, to Colonel Plunkett, and which Plunkett still had, unread, in the handkerchief pocket of his dress uniform.

But all the staying at home over Sunday, and all the whiskey and glycerine, and all the cherry pectoral which could be administered did Clipsham no good, and on Monday morning he asked the doctor if a change of air would not help him. The doctor said of course it would. It was clear it would not harm him, for he was past much harming. He was deaf as a post, his nose and throat and all the passages to them were inflamed and red with the inflam-

mation, his eyes were drooping with watering, and he said he was as stupid as an owl. The doctor gave his permission for a journey to Colorado. Clipsham looked on his calendar, and with his pencil marked off all the dinner-parties, and wrote letters of excuse for the next three weeks. But there was one engagement he could not manage so easily, for here his conscience pricked him.

It was the city election. Clipsham knew in his heart of hearts that he had not done his duty in this affair. He had not gone to one meeting where his friend Gordon had summoned him, to obtain a competent, non-partisan school committee. He was afraid there was a "job" at the almshouse, and he had not looked into that. He distrusted the reigning mayor, yet he had not lifted a finger to dethrone him. Now

if he went to Colorado he should be away on election day, and should not give even one vote against the rascals, and one in favor of honest men.

But Clipsham did so wish to go to Colorado! He had promised his cousin Lucy that he would visit her on the way,—and she wrote such a pretty letter!

Clipsham compromised with himself. He would go to Colorado because he wanted to,—and his cold was so bad. But he saw on the calendar that on Monday night there was a meeting of the Friends of Good Government at the Mechanics' Hall. He knew who called this meeting, and that it was in the right interest. John Fisher and all the rest had signed the call. He would go to that meeting. That would show which side he was on. He would not go on the noon train; he would

wait until the evening train, which went at 9.30. And his presence there would, in practice, show his colors as well as if he stayed in Tamworth nine whole days, sneezing and coughing, to vote at the end of them.

Indeed, he might be in his coffin if he stayed, and a man cannot vote when he is in his coffin.

So, when Monday came, Clipsham sent his trunk to the train, ordered a carriage for himself an hour before the train started, and went down to the hall. The truth was that the citizens' meeting was not to take place until the next night. But Gertrude had changed all that, and Clipsham found, to his surprise, that the large hall was not lighted. However, the smaller hall was. An assiduous gentleman whom he did not know, who had been drinking more than was good for him, asked

him in; and Clipsham, regretting that the friends of order made so poor a show, went in. As has been said, he was not used to primary meetings. Once in, it was like all other meetings, though not very large. There were two hundred men there, of whom he did not recognize three. The president was a man who had once tried to sell him a horse. The mayor was making a speech, and Clipsham supposed from this that that officer had been frightened, and was trying to "get good," as the children say. But whether he knew them or not, they knew him. Three or four showily dressed men met him and led him to a front seat, and expressed their pleasure at his presence. In a moment after, the mayor's motion was carried, and a committee was sent out,—nominated from a list which had been prepared in

his office that afternoon,—to suggest a ticket for aldermen.

Then it was that another man, who also had been drinking more than was good for him, arose and said that they were honored by the presence of a gentleman whom they had often heard in public, and who was known to be interested in all public affairs, and that he hoped Mr. Clipsham would address them on the great issues before them; and all the people shouted "Clipsham, Clipsham!" Why he was there the leaders wondered, but they supposed, in their low way, that he had quarreled with John Fisher and his set, and had come over to them to see what they would give him.

The truth was, as the reader sees, that he had come to a meeting which was one day earlier than the meeting which he had meant to come to.

Clipsham himself did not hear the man who spoke, and did not know what they were shouting at. But when another man came to lead him to the platform he knew what that meant, and he stepped up and sailed in. And a capital speech he made. It was that speech which put him into what people call public life. For my part, I think he had been in very public life before. He was pleased at being called upon so early; he was pleased at being recognized as in some sort a leader; and he said to himself, as he mounted the steps, that this was what he had come for, and that, if they wanted him to lead, he had better lead. He did not quite know what to do or say about the mayor. For here was the mayor at his side. If he had repented of the dirty job he had been in, Clipsham thought, he would let him off; and he did. But

he did not let off anybody else in that meeting. He exposed, from cellar to cupola, the disgraceful jobs about building the new schoolhouse opposite Prue Wintergreen's house, and the unkind audience howled with delight as they saw Alderman Bob Lyon and Councilman Bill Stuggs held up under Clipsham's pitiless ridicule. One of these gentlemen had led him to his stand, and the other was secretary of the meeting; but this Clipsham did not know. Clipsham could see that the assembly was a low-lived set, and mad enough was he with Fisher and the rest who had signed the call and then stayed comfortably at home. So, after dissecting every nasty job which his hearers had been engaged in for five years, he closed with a really eloquent denunciation of the indifference of educated men and holders of property in the

management of the affairs of the city. His own conscience pricked him, as has been said, and he spoke all the better for that. The closing passage, where he describes the rich manufacturer, who could not sign his name if the public schools had not taught him, and could not squeeze on a pay-roll if the public school had not taught him, yet who, when he is rich and prosperous, will not go to a meeting which cares for the schools, and does not know a schoolmaster when he meets him in the streets, has gone into the reading-books; and if you will go to the graduating exercises of the Lavinia Academy you may hear it spoken.

Well, that one fellow held that angry assembly by the mere force of audacity and truth, and they did not even remember that they could pelt him to death with their private gin-bottles and

other "pocket pistols." When he had finished his speech he did not wait to hear what followed. He did not care to hear the hisses nor curses. He did see the scowls, but he had not supposed that everybody would like his speech. He bowed himself away from the hall, and in half an hour he was asleep in his berth as his train started for the West.

By great good luck it happened that the chief shorthand man of a newspaper unfriendly to the crew had been sent to "do" the meeting. It was supposed that a square of two of "matter" would be all the result of his probing such an ulcer. But he caught the position in an instant. He wrote down every word of Clipsham's speech, and the next morning Tamworth and the state had it all. Such headlines!

BILL STUGGS ENLIGHTENED!

A Lively Caucus!

A CITIZEN'S PROTEST!

LIGHT IN DARK PLACES!

And the public soon knew that, for once, the little coterie which had "run" Tamworth for some years had been told the truth by one modest, quiet gentleman, who had no axe to grind, and no ring behind him.

That man was Clipsham. While he was doing the mountains and canons of Colorado, without the slightest suspicion of it himself, events were making him the most popular man in the state. So soon as there was a chance, the friends of good government put him in nomination for governor,—and gov-

ernor he was chosen. He will be governor till he wishes to go to the United States Senate.

V.

But who was Elinor May?" asks my kind reader, Emma, who has followed this little story with the faithfulness which has given a charm to other stories, and who remembers something said in the beginning about the heroine. My dear Emma, can there be no story without a wedding at the end? No, there cannot be, if the story is quite perfect. So you shall hear who Elinor May was, for it belongs to the calendar also, and can be told in a few words.

So soon as Clipsham had determined to go to Colorado, the doctor asked him if he should stop in St. Louis. He said he certainly should. Then the doctor told him that he must *call* on

some friend of his named Day, and gave him the address. The doctor took a card and wrote on it, "Col. George Clipsham, introduced by Dr. Jones." Clipsham was lying on a long extension chair, carefully wrapped up in a Zuni blanket, and he asked the doctor to put down the name and street on this fatal calendar; and there the doctor put it, just as Clipsham bade him. Before Clipsham started upon his journey, he copied all the lines from his calendar into his pocket-book. There was not much, and he did not look at the dates. They came thus:

M. Speak at Caucus.
Tu. Stop over at Aunt Lucy's.
W. Day, 999 Olive Street. (This in the doctor's writing.)

But Clipsham never noticed that the dates were wrong. He copied the entries into his own note-book; and thus

it happened, as we say, that many pleasant things followed. Elinor and George do not think anything "happened." They think it was all made in heaven. This I know, — that they had that mischievous Gertrude for their only bridesmaid.

For so it was that, on the evening when Clipsham meant to call on Mrs. Day in St. Louis, he was in Chicago. He looked at his diary, and he found this entry. "How queer it is," said he. "I thought Jones said these people lived in St. Louis," — as indeed Dr. Jones did. But Clipsham had formed this notion that his memory was failing, so he consulted the hotel clerk as to how he should find the street. The clerk never heard of it, but saw in a moment that it should be Ohio Street, and that Clipsham had copied it wrong. Clipsham went to

No. 999, as he thought he had been bidden. Here he sent in the card: "Col. George Clipsham, introduced by Dr. Jones." After a moment's delay he was admitted, and a very charming lady came forward to meet him. Clipsham bowed, and said she was very kind to be so informal and to permit him to be, but he was a traveller, and had but one night in Chicago; and then he was presented to Elinor, and I think the whole thing was pretty much finished then, as far as he was concerned, — and so would you, if you knew Elinor Clipsham as well as I do. Then there was a little inquiry about Dr. Jones. But that did not come out very well. In the first place Clipsham did not hear very well. In the second place, he was a good deal pre-occupied with Elinor. In the third place, the Dr. Jones he was talking about was the

leading physician of Tamworth, and the Dr. Jones they were asking about was the Rev. Dr. Jones, president of the theological seminary at New Berea. But she was well-bred; she saw there was some mistake, and she let it pass.

A very pleasant evening Clipsham had. It proved that he heard Miss Elinor much better than he had heard anybody for a fortnight. The journey had been of use already. Then they fell to singing duets, even on this slight acquaintance. She plays a charming accompaniment, and he sings admirably when he has no cold. She was tolerant that evening, though his voice was all wrong. Then, when her father came in, it proved that they were all going to Colorado Springs on the next day but one; and so it was very easy for Clipsham to make up his mind that he had business which would keep him over a

day in Chicago. Although he did not tell them so, he made his resolution to stay before he left the house.

When he had gone away, Elinor's mother said she pitied him, because he had such a horrid cold. "But, Mamma," said Elinor, "did you ever know a cold make a man say 'Day' instead of 'May'? He kept calling you Mrs. Day."

Mrs. May had not observed this. But it was even so. As for Clipsham, when he met them at the train, and took his seat with them in the same Pullman, he was no such fool but that he could see that their seats were taken for Mrs. May, Mr. May, and Miss May. But then he supposed the P. P. C. man had written this wrong. When, however, the names which they had themselves put on the books with which they travelled proved to be May, Clipsham

gave up his conviction that he knew their names better than they did. As he went on, indeed, he began to be wondering whether he could not persuade Miss Elinor to change hers. He was very soon on that plane of conversation where he called her "Miss Elinor."

Yes, a Pullman is a very nice place when the company is good. They sang in the twilight, for Clipsham's voice improved very fast, and his hearing gained so that he could hear Miss Elinor, even when she spoke in very low tones, of experiences of hers which she would not care to have that Russian merchant hear, who was on his way to Alaska. The Pullman people had not then advanced so far as to have a piano in the car between the saloon and the smoking-room. But these two people found that they could sing without any accom-

paniment. At the stations Clipsham always managed to bring in something; if there were no flowers there were queer crullers, or if there were no crullers there were fossils. Sometimes there was half-an-hour's detention, and then he and Miss May would have a good, brisk, constitutional walk together.

Now Clipsham had mining interests in Colorado, and Mr. May had smelting interests. And while Mr. May attended to the smelting, Col. Clipsham would wait with them. And while Clipsham inquired about the mining, the Mays were not far away. And the "Garden of the Gods" was more divine than ever, when they dismissed the carriage one evening, and under the moonlight walked home together, while those old divinities looked down, in still approval of what these younger

people said and did. Altogether, the journey out, and the journey there, and the journey home, were charming. Clipsham never received one newspaper all the time, and he did not dream that he was growing famous. As for the Mays, they never asked nor cared whether he was a public man or a private man. It was enough for them that Rev. Dr. Jones had recommended him. Nay, they did not long think of that. For, give him a chance, George Clipsham is anywhere his best recommendation. He is a modest man, but you cannot be with him a day without seeing that he is a brave, quiet, true, Christian gentleman. He thinks very little of himself, but is glad,—nay eager,—if he can, to make other people happy and good, and to serve the world where he has a chance to serve it.

Nothing, indeed, could have been

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better or brighter or more happy in its results than this Colorado journey. Clipsham threw off his cold entirely, and before the journey was over he had undertaken to take care of Elinor to the end of her days, if she would let him. She, on her part, has taken such good care of him from that day to this, that he has never made the wrong speech in the wrong place, and he has never had that "horrid influenza" again.

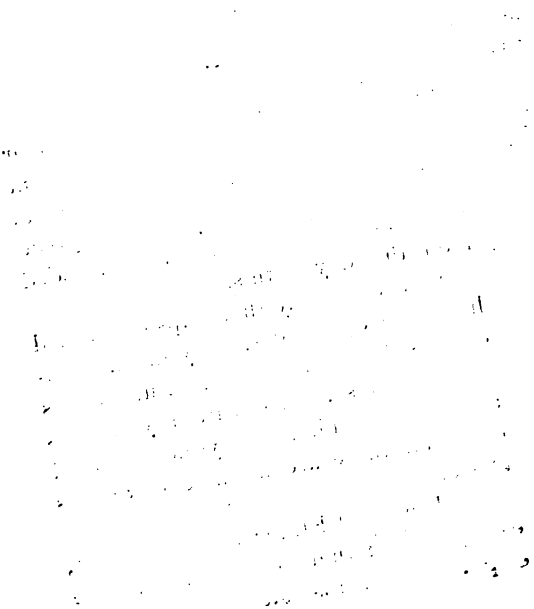
When he came back to Tamworth, in all the exuberance of his new life, he did manage to ask Dr. Jones how he managed to write "Day" instead of "May." For the calendar still hung there, and there was the "D," perfectly plain, in the doctor's handwriting.

Then it was that a thorough examination and explanation ensued, and then Gertrude, in tears, con-

fessed to her mother, for she, poor child, had never forgotten her sin. But she had perfect absolution. A beautiful doll, open-eyes-shut-eyes, was given her, and she has never been scolded from that day to this.

You would say that Clipsham would have called on Mrs. Day in St. Louis on his first visit there. But he has never done so. His wife says she is afraid to have him. He says he has found out that there are no nice daughters there.

Both he and Elinor bless Gertrude, every day of their lives, for her little experiment on his calendar.



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